

And comes not in, ouer-rulde by prophecies,
I feare, the power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an instant triall with the king.

Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer?

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is, but yet the king hath drawne
The speciall head of all the land together.

The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
The noble Westmerland, and warlike Blunt,
And many mo coriuals and deare men
Of estimation, and command in armes.

Sir M. Doubt not, my L, they shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no lesse, yet, needfull 'tis to feare,
And to preuent the worst, sir Mighel, speed:

For if Lord Percy thriue not, e're the king
Dismitte his power, he meanes to visit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacie,
And, 'tis but wisdom, to make strong against him.

Therefore make haste, I must goe write againe
To other friends, and so farewell, sir Mighel. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle
of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.*

King. How bloudily the sunne begins to peare
Above yon busky hill, the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

Prin. The Southren wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.

King. Then, with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that winne.

The trumpet sounds, Enter Worcester.

King. How now, my Lord of Worcester? 'tis not wel,
That you and I should meet vpon such tearmes

As now we meet. You haue deceiu'd our trust,
And made vs doffe our easie robes of peace,
To crush our old limmes in vngentle steele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you againe vnknit
This churlish knot of all abhorred war?

And moue in that obedient orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigie of feare, and a portent
Of broched mischiefe to the vnborne times?

Wor. Heare me, my Liege:

For mine owne part, I could be well content,
To entertaine the lag end of my life
With quiet houres. For I protest,
I haue not fought the day of this dislike.

King. You haue not fought it: how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prin. Peace, chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your maiestie to turne your lookes
Of fauour, from my selfe, and all our house,
And yet I must remember you, my Lord:
We were the first and dearest of your friends,
For you my staffe of office did I breake
In Richards time, and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kisse your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.

It was my selfe, my brother and his sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdate
The dangers of the time. You swore to vs,
And you did sweare that othe at Lancaster,
That you did nothing purpose gainst the state,
Nor claime no further, then your new false right,
The seat of Gaunt, Dukedome of Lancaster:
To this, we swore our aid: but in short space
It rained downe fortune showing on your head,
And such a flood of greatnesse fell on you,